



# Harry Topper



harry potter magic

👁 332 ✓ 19 ★ 17

## Chapter 1 by intellikat

Harry Topper was born with a pencil in his hand.

## Chapter 2 by Anji



This boy was no ordinary! He could write anything because he knew many words and many letters! Harry Topper was in daycare when his teacher saw him writing a story. His teachers insisted to his parents he automatically go to first grade, since he knew that much. Harry Topper was satisfied with this decision, luckily for him, so were his parents! Bur Harry Topper's decision wasn't that wise.....

## Chapter 3 by Oxyscapist



You see, words were precious. They still are. They should be carefully nurtured, egged on; till the disjointed cacophony shapeshifts into something coherent. This coherent narrative is what the words strive for, it gives meaning to their life. And what is life without meaning?

But of course, little Harry was too naive to understand all of this. He was born with a gift; true.

But it takes a long bridge to traverse from intelligence to wisdom. He lacked that wisdom. And unfortunately, a lifetime of mundaneness had not equipped them with necessary skills to make sense of any of this. They blissfully thanked God for grading their son with prodigal intelligence.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Meanwhile, Harry kept on writing the stories; building worlds and characters at his whim, unaware of the magic he possessed. The magic of bringing his words to life.

#### Chapter 4 by Aya Afifi



One day when Harry was sleeping he woke to a rumbling sound. Was it his tummy? He took his right hand without the pencil and rubbed his tummy. Nope he didn't feel a thing. Than what was that rumbling sound? He'd find out in the morning.

He woke up again, but this time to his mother's beautiful smile. He got up and got ready for his big test in Writing today. "Okay sweetheart are you ready for your big test that will determine if you get to skip a few grades?" "YES MOM," cried Harry.

...

#### Chapter 5 by Alicia Chen



But, Harry didn't make it to his test.

Once he arrived at school, he was pulled into the bushes by a wolf. Since Harry wasn't very smart, he thought that this was a ritual to get to the test.

But then, the wolf spoke, "Good morning, Harry."

Harry laughed and replied back, "Hello teacher."

The wolf looked at Harry with a confused look. "Teacher? I'm no teacher."

"You're not?" Harry asked. "Oh, you're not. Who are you then?"

"I am the great sidekick from one of your stories, here to retrieve you to fulfill you task."

"My task? Oh, so your Lester."

"Yes, at least you got that right. Come, we must go and seek your task."

"Okay!" Harry said, not really considering the consequences.

So the wolf pulled Harry through the ground and into another dimension where the grass was blue and the sky was brown.

#### Chapter 6 by intellikat



At first Harry was confused, but in time this strange world became the norm and Lester became his most familiar.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

an imaginative land such as this-- where colours bled strange and creatures lurked and roamed with no purpose. At first this sort of madness was entertaining, but eventually its fruitless ramblings began to bore even Harry, its author.

As Harry lay on a massive purple banana, tossing a ball in the air, Lester spoke.

"Harry. It is time to seek your task once again."

"Go away, Lester. I'm busy tossing this ball."

"No Harry. Your task awaits."

Harry rolled over on the banana and fit his feet into a pair of cloud slippers.

"I don't want to trek across the wet desert again to buy an alligator latte from Starbucks."

Lester laughed. "Surely you jest, Harry. It is your destiny."

"I want to go home, Lester."

"But why?"

"I want to finish school. I want to learn how to write proper plot structure."

## Chapter 7 by Tomáš Stolárik



"But there is no school here. And you can't leave this dimension!" Lester explained.

"But why?" Harry asked.

Lester thought for a minute. Would Harry sense the deception? No, of course, he was just a kid, he could lie to him. It wasn't right thing to do, but then again, fate of this dimension lied in his hands. If Harry doesn't complete the task, they are doomed.

"Because. the portal we came through closed behind us. And you know who has the remote

control for the portals? The alligators in Starbucks!" He smiled at the boy.

"Come, Harry. I'll give you my web browser. I grew fins last week, I figured they would be useful on the web."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account



Harry tried to resist, but the pencil in his hand wanted to go there too and he had nothing better to do except for tossing the ball. So he reluctantly jumped down from the purple banana and put on the wellingtons. He followed Lester to the end of the blue grass where wet desert started. It was purple and as big as Harry's hometown, maybe even bigger.

He had journeyed across this desert before, but only now he noticed things. Things that were horribly wrong with this world. You see, to design a functional world one must possess a certain wisdom. Harry lacked that wisdom and so his world didn't work at all. And what he saw in the wet desert was just a taste.

Wet desert's native species was called Mudosaur. There were many Mudosaurs in the wet desert. All of them hated purple colour, that was just their nature. And the desert was purple, and since it was also wet, the purple mud stuck to their feet. You can imagine what happened next - they ate their own feet.

Harry and Lester were walking by just as one female Mudosaur was biting her foot off. Harry laughed at her.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account